

8630. f  
3

T H E

# ROYAL CHACE.

O R,

## M E R L I N's *K*

### HERMITAGE and CAVE.

A S

It is Perform'd in *Covent-Garden*.\*



### Dramatis Personæ.

A Royal Hunter,	Mr. Beard.
— <i>Huntress</i> , in the Character of DIANA,	} Miss Hylliard.

MERLIN,	Mr. Leveridge.
---------	----------------

CUPID,	Mr. Glover.
--------	-------------

Psyche,	Miss Rogers.
---------	--------------

The Three GRACES. — Miss Norman — Miss Sandham, and Mrs. Delorme.

The HOUR,	Mrs. Ogden.
-----------	-------------

FOUR ZEPHYRS. — Mr. Tench — Mr. Dessé — Mr. Livier, and Mr. Delagarde.

A Swain and Nymph. Mr. Lally and Madam D'Hervigny.

SCENE *Richmond-Gardens*.

\* This *New-Entertainment* is Introduced in the *Old-One* of *Jupiter* and *Europa*.

F.



## SCENE I.

### A View of the HERMITAGE.

Enter the Royal *Hunter* with his Attendants.

THE Rosy Morn, with Golden Tresses Crown'd,  
Now leaves her gay Pavillion in the Skies,  
To usher in the Sun : before his Steps  
She strews the glitt'ring Dew-Drops o'er the Ground,  
Which pave, like Sparkling Gems, his radiant Way :  
The Hunter-Horse breathes hard, and neighs aloud,  
And Snuffs the Air, and paws the sounding Earth ;  
The op'ning Hound exults, all Nature's pleas'd,  
And ev'ry Object to the CHACE invites ;  
But most These Shades, where oft in silent Night,  
Her kindest Influences *Phæbe* sheds,  
Feeding the Mind with Thoughts contemplative ;  
As oft she wakes *Aurora*, with her cheerful Cries  
And summons early to th' Harmonious Chace.

### A I R.

With early Horn  
Salute the Morn,  
That Gilds this charming Place :  
With cheerful Cries  
Bid Echo rise,  
And join the Royal Chace.  
The vocal Hills around,  
The waving Woods,  
The Crystal Floods,  
All return th' enliv'ning sound.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

## SCENE II.

An Assembly of Gods waiting the Descent of  
*Jupiter.*

MERCURY *descends,*

'TIS well, my Brother Gods,  
'Tis well this Diligence you show:  
Behold, thro' Realms of yielding Air,  
Our Master makes his Tour below;  
The soft Intrigues of mighty *Jove*  
Let Mortals cease to blame,  
With Pride he bows to mightier Love,  
To court the beauteous Dame.  
*Europa* calls th' enamour'd God;  
Her Beauties are his Wings,  
On which he cuts th' Ethereal Road,  
And to a Heav'n, more pleasing, springs.

A I R.

What Scenes of approaching Delight  
Swell the warm Bosom of *Jove*!  
What Love does for ever invite,  
More than all he leaves Above!  
Heavenly Rover, happy Lover,  
When caressing,  
Then possessing,  
More than all he leaves Above.



## SCENE III.

Changes to a Hall, wherein Country Lads and  
Lasses sing this Ballad, *viz.*

I.

COME Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,  
The Sun in haste,  
Drives to the West,  
With Sports, with Sports, conclude the Day:

F 2

Let



*Let every Man chuse out his Lass,  
And then salute her on the Grass;*

*And when you find*

*She's coming kind,*

*Let not that Moment pass,*

### CHORUS.

*Then we'll toss off our Bowls*

*With true Love and Honour,*

*To all kind loving Girls,*

*And the Lord of the Manor.*

### II.

*At Night when in the Hall we're sat,*

*With good brown Bowls,*

*To cheer our Souls,*

*And raise, and raise a merry Chat.*

*When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,*

*And Fokes about the Table fly,*

*Then we retreat,*

*And That repeat,*

*Which all would gladly try.*

### CHORUS.

*Then we'll toss off our Bowls, &c.*

### III.

*Let lazy Great Ones of the Town,*

*Drink Night away,*

*And sleep all Day,*

*'Till Gouty, Gouty they are grown.*

*Our daily Works such Vigour give,*

*That Nightly Sports we oft revive;*

*And kiss our Dames,*

*With stronger Flames,*

*Than any Prince alive.*

### CHORUS.

*Then we'll toss off our Bowls, &c.*

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*Merlin, in his Cave, thus Contemplating, viz.*

**O** Solitude! O pleasing Solitude!  
 Here Contemplation holds her sacred Seat;  
 And to her studious Sons the Knowledge deep,  
 Of Nature's Laws unfolds! Here with Content,  
 And Converse sweet with Sages of old Time,  
*Merlin* hath many a creeping Winter past,  
 With Joys to Luxury and Power unknown:  
 Till wisdom pleas'd, at length has crown'd His Toil  
 With sweet Prophetic Strain.

*[French Horns, heard.]*

But hark! what Sound  
 Disturbs the awful Silence of my Cell?

*The Horns continue sounding, and Diana enters  
 with her Attendants.*

*Merl.* O Virgin-Goddeſs of theſe Shades, accept,  
 After the toilsome Paſtime of the Chace,  
 Refreshment from an old, but honeſt Heart,  
 And with thy Preſence grace my humble Cell.

*Diana.* *Merlin,* Thy honeſt Offer I accept  
 With thankful Pleaſure.

*Merlin.* *Merlin's* Art ſhall try  
 To cheer thy Spirits, wearied with the Chace.

*[He waves his Wand, and diſcovers the Inside of  
 the Cave.]*

## A I R.

Appear, ye pleaſing Shapes appear,  
 With all your Arts the Goddeſs cheer;  
 And fill her with Delight:  
 In Antic Viſion round her play.  
 In Chace fantaſtic light and gay,  
 And charm her raviſh'd Sight.

*[The*

[*The Graces and the Hour enter, bringing in Cupid ; followed by the Zephyrs, leading in Psyche, &c. as Aerial Spirits, who express their Love and Honour to DIANA.*

*A Dance, which ended, they disappear.*

DIANA rises.

Good Merlin, Thanks ; such as thy Art deserves,  
And fits a Goddess to bestow, receive : —

— No more. — I'm summon'd to my nightly  
Sphere.

MERLIN.

This Courtesy, this Honour done my Cell,  
With Pleasure I acknowledge. Ne'er before  
Could this my humble Roof the Presence boast  
Of such Divinity, nor ever shall,  
'Till Pallas, like a British Queen, descend,  
And her great Mind from Toils of Empire here  
unbend.

[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE V.

*French-Horns sounding, as at the Death of a Stag ;  
and Enter Endymion with Attendants.*

ENDYMION.

THE glorious Chace is o'er — the well breath'd  
Hounds,  
Who closely o'er the tainted Dews pursu'd  
The fainting Stag, now round their noble Prey  
All op'ning stand, and triumph in his Fall ;  
While tuneful Horns responding to their Cries,  
Make up the Sylvan Concert.

AIR.



## A I R.

How pleasing we find the gay Sports of the Field !  
 While thro' the Vales we are bounding,  
 The Hills our Cries resounding,  
 The musical Chace all its Pleasure does yield.

How delightful the Pause when the Stag stood at Bay!  
 But when his Flight renewing,  
 Again we were pursuing,  
 Till we crown'd with Success the Sport of the Day !

*A Cloud descends to take up JUPITER, then breaking, discovers Him and the rest of the Gods, who sing the following CHORUS.*

**H** Ah, hah, hah, hah, — whilst thus we Laugh,  
 Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.

## D U E T.

Nor mind these Slips, not of one Farthing,  
 But make the best of a bad Bargain.

## C H O R U S.

Hah, hah, hah, hah, — whilst thus we Laugh,  
 Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.

## A I R I.

*This great World is a Trouble,  
 Where all must their Fortune bear ;  
 Make the most of the Bubble,  
 You'll have but a Neighbour's Fare.  
 Let not Jealousy teaze ye,  
 Think of nought but to please ye ;  
 What's past is but in vain,  
 To wish for the Time again.*

## II.

*When dull Cares do attack ye,  
 Drinking will those Clouds repel;  
 Four good Bottles will make ye  
 Happy, — they seldom fail.  
 If a Fifth shou'd be wanted,  
 Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;  
 Then you'll easy obtain  
 A Remedy for all Pain.*

## CHORUS.

*Hah, hah, hah, hah, — whilst thus we Laugh,  
 Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.*

*F I N I S.*

